1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

[643] ruled his country in the humanest and wisest of benevolent autocracies,
181 since the treaty of 1892 placed him on the throne of his murdered father
609 and parricide brother—to our humbler neighbours in Aliabad, the
village four miles below the capital which we made our headquarters
[212] for fifteen months. As soon as the people grasped the purpose of our coming (which was not easy to explain to an illiterate people) they were overjoyed that a 'Sahib' should trouble to learn their vernacular—a thing which no white man or woman had done before—and take an interest in their customs and hereditary lore. At first they would hesitate: 'but you have wheels (=machines) in England, and can do all these things better than we can'. Within a few days they were vying with each other in explaining, demonstrating and bringing ploughs, looms, winnowing forks, bows, stone cooking pots to the resthouse where we were installed, that D.L. might measure them and take 'studio portraits' of them, 'for you mustn't put anything in the book about us that isn't exactly true'.

132 The entire life of the Hunzukuts is centred in water. The rain-
312 fall in the oasis level (7-9,000 feet), is negligible—we reckoned less
361 than 2 inches per annum; in default of any means of raising the water, the river, flowing between its crumbly earthen cliffs, 500 or 1,000 feet below their fields is useless for irrigation; there are no springs or wells; hence all water for all purposes must be trapped high up at the snout of some side glacier and conveyed on galleried aqueducts across yawning gorges and the faces of sheer cliffs. The main water channel, the Dala, which supplies all the more recent villages of Hunza, 'the new settlements' as they are called in contradistinction to the three original villages—Baltit the capital, Altit and Ganesh—travels some 8 or 10 miles in its circuitous route from the Herber glacier in the gorge behind Baltit, cradled between snow-peaks of 23,000 feet, before it peters out in a semicircular sweep round Aliabad.

312 The Dala was dug some three or four generations ago (90-100
412 years) with wooden shovels and wooden picks tipped with ibex horn,
816 and represents an amazing feat of engineering skill for people without any instruments of precision. The sluices that control the distribution of water—every teaspoonful of which is rigorously allotted—are of the simplest; most often a slab of flattish stone plastered in with mud, sometimes a wooden shutter sliding in a rude wooden frame, sometimes when the water is being taken off to a lower level a circular hole in a stone slab, closed at need with a mushroom-shaped stopper, rough hewn from a solid tree trunk.

1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

THE BURUSHO OF HUNZA

a miserable ten—none of your ' some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold '—while lucerne only gives three crops. 243

The Hunzukuts' main food is bread, of which the housewife makes a large variety, from the leavened wheatened cake with butter for feast days, the unleavened flapjack of wheat, barley or blended flours for everyday, to the bitter buckwheat scones of leaner times. Milk is not an article of diet; the animals yield little at the best and none at all when their own offspring is weaned. Such milk as there is contains little fat content, which is not to be wondered at in view of the food on which the animals exist ; it is converted into butter, curds and such preservable forms. Butter is stored in birch-bark wrappings beneath an adjacent water-channel and broached only on festive occasions or for the entertainment of a guest. Meat is tasted at most twice or three times a year, at festivals or on some day of domestic rejoicing, a wedding or a birth, and then it will be ' some tainted wether of the flock, meetest for death ' who supplies the sacrifice. 262 234

The womenfolk tend small vegetable plots in the corner of a field or separate garden, where carrots, turnips, marrows, gourds and half a hundred kinds of humble ' greens ' are grown, and a few plants whose leaves or seeds are esteemed for flavouring, along with a few tobacco plants for the men's pipes. After grain and greens, the essential item of Hunza diet is the apricot, fresh in the early summer and dried during the rest of the year ; mulberries, fresh and dried, come next in importance, then a few apples, pears and peaches (these little valued because they will neither keep nor dry) and a few grapes for such relatively well-to-do houses as can afford space and water to grow them. Grapes ripen too late to be dried into raisins and the small quantity not consumed fresh is converted into light wine, brightening the winter days for those who have it, and drunk within a couple of months of manufacture. The apricot has yet further uses. Its kernel yields the oil which lights very modestly the winter nights. The Burusho woman is said to refuse, most wisely, to live above the level of the ripe apricot (say 9–10,000 feet). This is, I suspect only a base pretext of her husband's for refusing to live at these altitudes himself. Be that as it may, the upper villages of Hunza are almost exclusively inhabited by immigrants from Wakhan accustomed to a treeless existence and a diet of barley only. Grafting fruit trees is an art thoroughly understood. The above-mentioned fruits supply the only sugar which the Hunza people know. 244 262 245 [273] [354] 361 245

Despite all diligence in tilling the ungrateful soil, despite the utmost 262

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

133 361 Thus mounted, we rode sorrily to Chalt, a wind-swept open plateau at the meeting of three gorges. Here we were able to procure slightly better ponies, and thankfully paid off the two Gilgit toys. From the Chalt rest-house through lovely fields, round a bold spur, over a fine suspension bridge into the Hunza Nagir gorge, where a magnificent view of Rakaposhi greeted us and a terrific *peri* led us into the large Nagir settlement of Sikandarábád. This had grown out of recognition in the intervening years, a fine oasis that owes its development to the enterprise of the present Mir of Nagir, Sir Sikandar Khan, after whom it is appropriately called.

High above the rocky river-bed the alluvial fans on our side (we were now in Nagir on the left bank of the river) are dotted by the green oases of Nagir, watered by the inexhaustible glaciers of Rakaposhi. On the opposite, sun-scorched, south-facing, waterless Hunza cliffs there is not a blade of grass to be seen. We passed through occasional villages, separated by roads slung between heaven and earth, fearlessly grazing the face of nightmare precipices, saw again the chorten at Thol, reminder of ancient Buddhist days, rode over the Nilt gorge, famous in frontier history, and dismounted as always to pass on foot at Ghulmit the ultra-sacred shrine of Saiyyid Shah Wali, making the halt an opportunity for tea under a magnificent chenar. The villagers gathered round us, goitrous, friendly, not too intelligent, and grinned broadly at David's chaff about the mean way in which they had stolen the holy relics from their neighbours. He thus made his first public appearance as a Burushaski speaker, only to find after this mental and moral effort that though they understood Burushaski we were still in the Shina-speaking area. His change-over to Shina caused further merriment. Between Sikandarábád and Nilt we recognized a jolly little orchard with grass and apricot trees and running streams and enclosed by low stone walls. We had drunk tea there ten years ago, when we never hoped to see this country again except in dreams. We *had* to get down and drink tea in it once more, as a sort of thanksgiving. This time the trees were laden with golden fruit. On we rode to our next halting-place at the fertile oasis of Minapin.

2

Chapter 11

THE LAST LAP

ALLÁBÁD REST HOUSE, HUNZA
July 17, 1934

133 MINAPIN was delightfully cool—we had, of course, been
361 climbing steadily since Gilgit—and we were able to sleep indoors with comfort. After we had said "Start at five," we almost thought it was foolish and unnecessary to be quite so early—for a mere eleven miles. When Dádo came at quarter to four and we were drunk with sleep, we thought so more than ever. We remembered, however, that the road is vertical rather than horizontal most of the way, and once we were off we were thankful to have made an early start. You can't imagine anything quite like it. I wish I had kept the aneroid at hand to verify how high the various climbs were. (I always vowed to take it next time, only my pockets were already so full of filters and exposure notebooks, penknife, and bits of string, spare hairpins and what not.) So I am frankly only guessing, but I think I am minimizing rather than exaggerating, for with these stupendous mountains all round, cliffs look small that would create a sensation at Dover.

Like most human habitations in the Karakoram, Minapin is on a fertile shelf some hundreds of feet above the river. We plunged straight over the lip of a cliff and down a steeply-graduated slope from the Minapin fan to the "beach" of the river—700 or 800 feet. Since our last visit the treacherous cliffs had suffered many landslides. High above us we could see the shattered revetments of the road we used to ride, and
133 several of its predecessors. Our new track scrambled painfully through and over masses of new-fallen boulders, or through miles of loose soft sea-sand. For one short stretch the rocks

THE LAST LAP

186 A note of bitterness crept into the Hunza voices. Whereas
324 Hunza permits the Nagirkuts to cross the river and help
798 themselves free to Hunza stones, the Nagir people levy a tax
563 on all stones taken from their side. So our folk averred; but
578 very probably we should hear the tale reversed if we spoke to Nagir millers on the subject. For the Burusho of Hunza and Nagir, though they speak the same language, are of different race and mentality, and understand each other as little as the Saxon and the so-called Celt, and the rivalry of centuries divides them. At one point they both professed the Shiah faith, but since the Hunzukuts some four or five generations ago adopted the Ismaili (or "Maulai") heresy religious differences have added to their ever-wakeful mutual hostility.

000 Quitting these contentious subjects, we essayed some photographs by the water's edge and turned sharp to mount a side-gorge and reach the level of the cliff road above, by the steepest thing calling itself a path you ever saw. The new Minapin ponies were happily sturdier than the rocking-horses, and managed to climb almost vertically for 600 feet or so. A
342 brisk torrent, which is most of the time a waterfall, pours
● 361 down the gorge[1] the sides of which are lined with trees and grass, and the track runs right through a most picturesque little village called Tishót. The stone houses are almost indistinguishable from the rocks against which they are built, one here, one 20 feet above, just wherever they can be got to stick.

000 The ponies took the four-foot steps from boulder to boulder as if they had been taught circus riding up and down the Great Pyramid. I never professed to be a horsewoman, and I don't know the orthodox way of staying in the saddle when my pony's back is perpendicular, so I shamelessly wound my right hand in his flowing mane, pressed the stirrups back, and lurched triumphantly to the top. When we emerged on to the fan above we felt so virtuous after the climb that we halted to drink tea, though we had only done four miles and had not really deserved it. Our usual routine on these slow marches was to divide the day's ride into three: have thermos tea at one-third and lunch at two-thirds the distance, and thus let Shafi get well ahead to be preparing the evening meal.

[1] [of the Hunza River -- Analyst]

THE LAST LAP

enquired after all the Royal Family and exchanged the usual compliments. Then I remarked hopefully: "Aliábád is quite near now, only four miles isn't it?" "Oh yes, only four miles." I noticed David quietly smiling. We rode about ten yards when I saw (what he remembered but I had quite forgotten) that the great torrent from the Hasanábád glacier cuts in here to join the Hunza River, and we had to go down some 500 or 600 feet to cross it and then up again to get out on to the Aliábád fan. It was exactly the same sort of business as crossing the main river all over again, except that the Hunza roads, however steep and difficult, are better designed and better kept than Nagir ones. Hasanábád village lies on both banks of the torrent, and climbs up the farther side to its own excellent polo-ground. The fields were being reaped, and I marvelled at the neat, tidy rows in which the cut barley was laid out. Everything the Hunzukuts do is beautifully done, and their methods are in the greatest contrast to the slovenliness of Nagir; you notice this everywhere, down to the tinest detail; it may be merely because water is scarcer and life harder that their fields are more scrupulously level, their walls more ingeniously perfect, their cut swathes more exactly aligned, but I incline to think that the cause lies deeper; in the difference of race and temperament already suggested.

Just beyond the wooden bridge which took us over the torrent, we were met by a good-looking elderly man whom we both remembered but could not immediately identify. He was almost in tears as he greeted us. I was puzzled to think why he was so moved. As soon, however, as he had paid full tribute of politeness to us, he bolted on and flung himself on Qudrat Ullah's neck. The whole cavalcade, about forty of us by this time, burst into sympathetic laughter, and poor Qudrat Ullah looked radiant but sheepish as he returned his father's embraces. Going up the steep hillside with so large a following was, as usual, not at all funny. You dare not stop to let your pony breathe without holding up the rest whose horses would be at some most inconvenient turn.

We got up at last, however, and found a fine deputation of all the Hasanábád elders drawn up to greet us on the polo-ground

857 other up, chivvied their lambs and kids about by chucking stones skilfully to turn but not to hit them, and half a dozen noisy scamps would jump to and fro over the watercourse in competition.

361 Between us and the river bank were groups of poplars,
133 willows, and fruit trees with quaint cube-like stone houses dotted about in between, and right above this delightfully restful patch of green (which you could not properly appreciate if you had not had days and days of barren bleakness before you reached it), in the great triangular space between the barren mountains of Nagir and those of Hunza which rose around and behind us, there towered up the great mass of far the loveliest mountain on earth: RAKAPOSHI.

133 She is 25,550 feet high, and the top 10,000 feet which we saw from our window is a conical series of triangles, cliffs, precipices and peaks all covered in dazzling frozen snow—a never-ending joy to watch. At this time of year she was usually clear, escaping the skirts of the monsoon which are apt to catch on Nanga Parbat; and the clear sky behind changes from the palest blue at dawn to the brilliant burning blue of midday and then to delicate shades of pink, green, violet, and orange towards sunset. Ruskin could write volumes on the ever-changing shadows and colours that delighted us: I must leave them to the imagination. From our beds we could see Raka when we first woke and bid her good-night before we fell asleep. It is a wonderful thing when beauty such as this becomes part and parcel of your daily life.

132 It was still pretty hot in Hunza in July, in spite of our 7,600 feet. We had it up to 95° in the shade of the verandah outside, but were able to keep the study ten degrees cooler by closing doors and windows in the morning before the sun got up. Out in the sun the heat is all the fiercer for the altitude, a point stay-at-home travellers seldom realize. Another odd point is that in cloudless, dustless air like this, granted equal apparent brightness, photographic exposures need to be *longer* than lower down—at least this is David's experience.

157 The people round were from the first unbelievably friendly; we could run out quite informally at any moment and join

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

712
361

PLATE VI

1. Old fort-village of Aliábád with beacon tower. Background, Rakapóshi. (*See p.* 123)

346

Old Mosque at Aliábád, with Hurmat seated in verandah. (*See p.* 132)

[Facing P. 80]

ILLNESS CALLS A HALT

175 Some time in the days of our earliest Edwards, a princess of
● 361 Baltistán married the reigning prince of Hunza. For the last
712 hundred years or so the direct route to Baltistán has been completely blocked by advancing glaciers, but for centuries before, the two countries had been in communication with each other. Hunza consisted then of three small villages only: Áltít and Ganesh on the river cliffs, and Báltít high above. The princess's father sent with the bride an army of Balti masons, carpenters, and craftsmen, who built the two forts of Áltít and Báltít as part of the royal dowry, and to-day they still stand proudly on their cliffs, impregnable to assault,
[177] centres of ancient ceremonial. To this day, too, the Hunzukuts modestly attribute all their simple arts to Balti influence.

173 The original inhabitants of Hunza proper are said to be
643 descended from three soldiers of Alexander the Great, who were left behind sick, presumably plus their womenfolk, and thus while their comrades marched on became the founders of the three first villages in this inhospitable region. Like so many royal houses in Central Asia, the family that has ruled for more than six centuries in Hunza and Nagir likes to claim descent from Alexander himself. But while the Mir of Nagir, Sir Sikander (= Alexander) Khan still upholds this tradition, we noticed that the shrewder Mir of Hunza—who must have seen many a courteously-veiled smile greet this familiar genealogy—shied off the topic.

What seems probable is that the royal family is not in origin of the same stock as the people, and that it may well—as tradition asserts—have come from Persia at some prehistoric date. What is certain is that it can trace its authentic ancestry as far back as can the House of Windsor.

173 There may well be truth in the legend of the European
144 descent of the Hunza Burusho, for in temperament and looks our Hunza friends have nothing of the "Oriental" about them. Take from them the very lightly bronzed complexion, "the shadow'd livery of the burnished sun," to which at this altitude they are "neighbour and near bred," and you could transplant them without incongruity to the moors of Yorkshire or the Scottish lowlands.

under-valued, but a boy will bring a wife to the house and children to the hearth, while a daughter will take her labour and her children to her husband's home.

In pre-British days the Hunza men bore a bad name in Central Asia as daring raiders. They are a hardy, fearless race, and they would strike a track through uninhabited and uninhabitable mountain country, leaving dumps of food at intervals as they went, fall on a rich caravan travelling from Leh to Yarqand, carry off the spoil, and return—via their food dumps—to divide the proceeds, the lion's share of which fell, of course, to their brigand chief. Any prisoners captured were sold as slaves into Afghanistan or Central Asia. Alternatively they would raid across the river into Nagir and come back with slaves and cattle.

Since such a form of life invites reprisals the Hunza people lived walled in in tight-packed villages close under their forts. We had in Aliábád the old fort-village, built on a promontory, with ravines protecting it on both sides, surrounded by a wall whose twelve beacon towers could send warning of a raid up and down the river—"and the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle." Only one of these beacon towers now remains and the crowded hovels are falling to decay. Since the *Pax Britannica* has come, the peasant builds his house and stores his crops out amongst his fields and orchards—without even a watchdog. A few conservative families move into their old "town house" in winter time perhaps for warmth and companionship, perhaps merely to make a change.

These famous raids were primarily the sport of chieftains, and the peasants of to-day find adventure enough, and danger enough, in their daily life not to regret them. The profits of such raids, which welcomely supplemented the scanty produce of the fields, are nowadays more than compensated by the money which the British put into circulation. The Mir draws a small and well-earned salary for his services as guardian of the frontier, a grant for keeping up the road through his territory, and a subsidy for his bodyguard of twenty-four men or so. Any sons the peasant can temporarily spare take service with the Gilgit Scouts, in the Public Works or other Govern-

take photographs of the picturesque, abandoned Shiah mosque. It has been superseded by the New Assembly Hall in cut granite with pointed roof—an amazing achievement for local architects and masons, and one of which they are justly proud, but a dreadful eyesore in these surroundings and as uninspiring to an artistic eye as a Methodist chapel in a London suburb. Unfortunately it jostles the picturesque old mosque (whose entrance flight of steps is a delightful notched tree-trunk and whose flat roof bristles with a parapet of ibex horns), so that you can only see the older building squint-eye up or down a 3-foot lane. We pushed on and found ourselves emerging on a bluff covered with handsome graves. The Hunzukuts are too necessarily frugal to bury their dead on any ground that can be cultivated, so their graves usually stand on some barren hump that rises above the reach of irrigation water. Ordinary graves are just covered by flat slabs of concrete-like beaten earth, but more important folk have picturesque erections of varied shape to mark their last resting place. In theory all should no doubt be oriented in relation to Mecca, but in fact the graves face in whichever direction the site makes most convenient. We skirted round God's acre, re-entering the unappetizing labyrinth of desolate lanes, and presently came on a debris-strewn patch of ground whose houses had been dismantled (probably for their timber), and had fallen in. Here old Ferrájo had made a lathe-pit outside a rather handsome wooden door with a carved lintel. This had once led to his family's "town house," but now they lived out in Jamu, a suburb, as it were, of Aliábád. In its day, the warren of buildings to which he proudly pointed had boasted fifty-two "smokes." (A smoke represents a hearth-fire, and a hearth represents a household. In enquiring of a hamlet how many families it shelters, the correct phrase is: "How many smokes have you here?")

We begged Ferrájo to let us see him at work. He had, however, no wood in hand at the moment; chunks of root or cross-sections of willow trunks are the raw material of his bowls. But he let us inspect his pit—very similar in size and shape to a loom-pit—with the treadles and a leather belt passing three

2F Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

Chapter 22

MARRIAGE IN HUNZA

THE Burusho population of Hunza is divided into four major clans, centred in Báltít, and several minor clans scattered over other villages. Aliábád, being a "new settlement," contained amongst its two hundred houses representatives of almost all the clans. Marriage outside the race is rare, but (as I have already said) exogamous marriage between the clans is the rule.

On the whole the Burusho cling to their settlements along the eight or nine-mile stretch of river below Áltít (two or three miles up-river of Báltít), at a height of 6,000 to 8,000 feet above sea-level. They are not eager to colonize higher-lying districts, for they say their womenfolk refuse to live where the apricot will not ripen. If this is so the women show sound sense, for the dried apricot is one of their staple foods and almost their only source of sugar. The favourite winter breakfast is a hot porridge of these *batéring*. It thus happens that the higher river-stretches above Báltít are mainly settled (if at all) by Wakhi immigrants from Afghanistan. These are a quiet, peaceable folk, markedly less intelligent than the Burusho, loyal subjects of the Mír, well content with their good pasturages and crops of barley and not missing the wheat and the apricot to which they are unaccustomed. A few Burusho colonies are scattered among the Wakhi ones, but, though friendly relations exist, the two learn little of each other's language; and intermarriage, though it would not be taboo, is very rare.

Similarly a couple of the lower Hunza villages are inhabited by Shins, of the same stock as the Gilgit people, but again intermarriage is the exception. We had fully expected to

233 any wage in our sense of the term, but that he would certainly be getting one or two free meals a day, and thus sensibly reducing the rationing problems of his own home. Hunza sheep lamb twice a year, but the goats have kids once only, in the Spring. Khano's promotion to wage-earning status was a little sad for us, for we saw him much more rarely after that.

242 One fine morning early in March the apricot trees that line
245 the Dála just in front of our rest-house were suddenly invaded by the whole Dastagul family armed with long sticks, to the end of which a sharpened piece of curved iron had been attached. With infinite care they inspected every branch, and wherever they detected the nest of an insect they snipped down the twig on which it rested. These nests were small, cocoon-like things only about an inch long, with a nasty little grub inside. The nests clung very tight to their hospitable perch, and it was often necessary to cut quite a biggish spray in order to secure them; each was diligently collected and borne home to the fire. We were not qualified to identify the pest on which war was being waged, but it was reported to devour both leaves and fruit if not destroyed. All through the country every single apricot tree is scrupulously examined and cleared—there must be thousands. We certainly did not later see a single one that seemed to be suffering from insect attack.

563 About this time we made another addition to our re-
167 tainers—a dear old grey-bearded man with the jolliest bright
361 eyes and a merry, happy smile, but not a tooth in his head, was roped in to work at Wakhi. The Wakhis, as I have said, are immigrants into the north of Hunza from the Wakhan districts of Afghanistan. They have settled in various places above the level at which the Burusho themselves care to live. Hunza men will tell you that they cannot induce their womenfolk to live where the apricot will not ripen. I suspect, however, that the men are just as unwilling to forgo their trees and wheat and fruit, but Adam-like prefer to blame their mates. The higher villages of Hunza are therefore inhabited almost wholly by Wakhi-speakers. Being unaccustomed to wheat, apricots, or

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

trees of any kind, they do not miss them, and in compensation enjoy opener valleys and wider pastures.

Wakhi is an Iranian language, and, dearly as we both loved Burushaski, there is no denying that it was refreshing to revert to a tongue which has one form of plural instead of thirty-eight, and which cares no more about genders than English, less in fact, for it has only one word for "he" and "she." Charming old Farághat is a khalifa, or lay priest. He can read, and perhaps write a little Persian (a *very* little), but his mind is grammatically quite untrained, and one tense or case suits him for any purpose just as well as another. It is natural that at his age he is resistant to new ideas, but how resistant was almost incredible. After weeks of patient work he was no nearer appreciating the need for collecting the various tenses and participles than he was on the first day, so progress was slow. DL's patience amazed me. There would, of course, have been no use showing impatience, for it would have merely served to scatter such ideas as the nice old fellow had, and he was doing his best. There are some strange and wonderful consonant combinations in Wakhi, and Khalifa Farághat's lack of teeth did not make them any easier to diagnose: is it sh-kh-th, or th-kh-sh? It was clear that the hope of extracting any intelligible text of even the simplest form from Farághat was nil, and the Mir very kindly promised to fetch down from up-country a professional Wakhi story-teller to supplement. We awaited his arrival with eagerness. Picture our dismay when he proved to be an equally kindly, equally aged, equally toothless, equally futile old bird. Farághat had brought with him his youngest son, an extraordinarily handsome little fellow of nine or ten, so that the child might not miss his daily lessons, and as they sat about together pouring over a tattered, well-thumbed primer of some sort they made a touching picture.

It would be very unfair to generalize about Wakhi racial character from two such elderly men, but the impression these two left on us of kindly slow-wittedness confirmed DL's impressions of ten years earlier, when he had been travelling through their districts and had tried to get informants to work

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

[134] flies—a copper-coloured fritillary and a tiny blue. The road was a very different proposition from what it had been as we travelled up the previous July. From richly watered Minapin we looked across the river to the Hunza village of Hindi with new eyes, for various fields were pointed out as belonging to one or another of our acquaintances. "Hindi is a fine place," they told us; adding without conscious irony: "There's hardly any water, but otherwise . . ." From the Nagir side the Hindi road looks pretty terrifying (as, of course, the Nagir road must also look from the Hunza side), but we were assured that it was really a better road; its only drawback is that there are fifty recognized spots on it subject to rock bombardments: a mere nothing amongst these ever-crumbling hills.

The onward journey was uneventful. At Sikandarabad and Chalt all the apricots were in full bloom—a glorious sight. After Chalt there was one part of the road completely buried under an avalanche which we had some difficulty in coaxing our horses over, we ourselves scrambling across on foot. A good deal of intermittent rain for a couple of days and a horrid ride in driving wind and sand on the last lap rather spoiled our ride to Gilgit. Just before we reached the Gilgit river we were staggered by a magnificent view of Nanga Parbat filling a whole triangular gap in the nearer mountains. Often as we had ridden this stretch before, we had never happened to see her like this.

In Gilgit (2,000 or 3,000 feet lower than Hunza) all the apricot blossom was already over, though a few peaches and apples were still in flower. We had a delightful (but from the work point of view wholly wasted) ten days in Gilgit. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness of Major and Mrs. Kirkbride, who put us up in the Agency House. It was odd to be quartered in the guest room of what had been for four years "our" house, and odder still, but delightful, to attend the Jalsa as guests and spectators instead of responsible hosts. The British officers as new friends and our old friends the Chiefs all treated us with the utmost kindness, and the ten-day holiday was extremely pleasant.

On April 4th we resumed our pilgrimage to Yasin. We imagined we had forgotten the road. Far from it: every detail

original right-hand loops off on to the left fingers carefully crossing each pair of threads as she does so. Widely drawing her two hands apart Apícho then drove the set of crossed threads down on to the edge of the cap, where Kaníza secured the twelve-fold plait with a large stitch. This was repeated *ad infinitum*, the braid only showing on the right side of the cap and the long ugly stitches on the wrong. The process looks rather like cat's-cradle. I had always wondered why, when they take such infinite trouble over the minute cross-stitch embroidery of their caps and the hand-plaited twelve-ply braid, they finished the cap off with these long stitches. I also wondered why it seemed impossible to detach the braid without its ravelling out. I now saw that braid-weaving and stitching were part of one elaborate process.

By July 1st the luckier folk were already cutting their barley and clearing a field for their threshing floor without waiting for the formal harvest-initiation ceremonies of the Ginání, the date of which is naturally fixed by the Mir to suit Báltít, 1,500 feet higher, and consequently some days behind Aliábád. All our potatoes were by now in full flower and our wheat was turning "fox-colour."

On July 5th we rode over to Báltít for yet another of the Hunza festivals, and ye Gods! it was hot on the road—90 degrees in the shade—and we had to start at the very hottest time of day, about 2 p.m. The Mir gave us tea in his nice shady grass-grown apple orchard before we remounted and climbed up to the Fort. It is not easy to convey how steep the road is that in Báltít corresponds to the Mall. Your pony steps from one boulder to the next with a great lurch, his spine almost vertical, and for my part I could only just stick on by my usual technique of thrusting my stirrups back to the root of his tail and firmly gripping his mane with my right hand. The road runs between high stone walls and zigzags wildly. The little box-like stone houses of the capital are piled on top of each other in the craziest way—town-planning has to accommodate itself to the vagaries of a precipitous mountain side. They are indescribably picturesque, but you would not think them possible to live in, yet they provide a high degree of simple comfort.

St Lorimer L-S (1939-4; 1934-5) 1955 AVT Burusho AVT

123 Hispar, Barpu and other large glaciers. Henceforth until Chalt is reached, where it turns South, the river forms the boundary between Hunza on the North and Nagir on the South. Chalt itself and the Chapr6t valley which debouches into it belong to Nagir. Otherwise Nagir is confined, generally speaking, to the valley of the Hispar glacier and Nagir river and the northern slopes of the Kailas range, the crest of which forms the dividing line between it and Gilgit.

On the extreme East Hunza marches with the Oprang valley in Chinese territory and southwards with Baltistan, but the mountain range which separates these regions is scarcely surmountable (v. Text XXVIII). On the extreme West again, Hunza and Nagir territory terminates on a lofty range which runs roughly North and South and is only traversable with difficulty by a couple of passes, the Chillinji (17,000 ft.) and the Daintar (15,210). Beyond lies the sparsely-inhabited valley of Ishkoman, which again is bounded on its western side by a North and South range of mountains on the further side of which is situated the Werchigrom valley, known officially as the Yasin 'Illaqa. This Werchigrom valley is the habitat of the Werchikwar language, a variant form of Burushaski, to which brief reference is made in this work.

133 From the West of Hunza to the East of Werchigrom is as the 487 crow flies a mere 20 or 30 miles, but the traveller will spend six days and cover some 115 miles in making his way from Chalt via Gilgit and Gupis to Yasin. Such is this country where cross-country travel is impossible and practicable routes can be found only by following the natural lines of least resistance, and that not without pain.

● 361 I have now placed our language on the map, approximately, but 162 greater precision is required. In the first place we have to take account of the fact that the bulk of Hunza and the eastern portion of Nagir are uninhabited and uninhabitable. Permanent population exists only on the elevated terraces that skirt in places the sides of the river valleys.

St Lorimer L-S (1929-4; 1934-5) 1935 AVT Burusho AVT

In the first case the answer is easy. The Wakhis are certainly of totally distinct stock from the Burusho. Much more difficult is the question of the relation of the Burusho and the Shina-speakers. My visual impressions would lead me to regard the Shin of lower Nagir as an essentially different people from the Burusho of Hunza. They seem to me to represent a distinctly lower type in regard to apparent mentality and military ideals. A large proportion of the child-population of Minapin and the villages below it are cretinous in appearance and dirty in person. I have not had an opportunity of comparing the people of the Hunza Shin villages of Hindi and Mayun, either with their Nagir *vis à vis* or with their Burusho fellow-"nationals". How far again is there any difference between the Burusho of Hunza and the Burusho of Nagir? That is a question which I cannot answer from any adequate personal observation; but it is the general impression among European visitors that there is a marked difference in temperament between the two peoples. The Hunza Burusho are felt to be a happy and cheerful people, their Nagir counterparts give an impression of something approaching sombreness and depression. This alleged difference is attributed to the effect of living respectively on the sunny and on the shady, in winter almost sunless, side of the valley. It might also be in part attributable to political conditions or religious outlook.

There is a further criterion which is of dubious value, but may be worth brief mention here. In 1924 I took a number of anthropometrical measurements of men of all parts of the Gilgit Political Agency. The subjects were members of the Gilgit corps of Scouts, and so were all men in their prime, mostly in early manhood. These measurements were recorded unisterically according to an antiquated scheme of Topinard's and modern experts have judged them not worth wasting time and labour on, but they were taken on a consistent technique and are therefore comparable among themselves. I shall quote here only measurements which, in the nature of things, it seems probable are reasonably correct. The figures given are averages obtained by dividing the sum total of measurements in each case by the number of subjects.

In Lietzmann L-3 (1929–41, 1954–5) 1938 AVT Burusho AVT

241 brought together, the following are the principal crops grown in Hunza and Nagir: wheat, barley, two or three kinds of millet, buckwheat, broad beans, peas and various pulses, lucerne (yielding two crops) for fodder. Maize and rice are not grown at these levels[1]. Lucerne is often grown on the sloping unterraced hillside where water is insufficient for crops. Fruit is also an important item of cultivation. The apricot is universal, and fresh and dry the fruit is a staple food. Besides its kernels are collected and eaten, or crushed for their oil. Apples, peaches, cherries, cherry-plums and grapes are also extensively grown, but do not appear to be dried, though apples and grapes are stored in straw for some months. Pears, pomegranates and walnuts are cultivated in places. The mulberry is eaten fresh and is also dried and preserved. Poplars and willows are grown for their timber, and in the lower tracts the chenar.

233 237 Agricultural crops and fruit would not however provide a complete subsistence. Goats, sheep and a small type of cow supply the necessary milk and fat products, particularly ghee, also hair for ropes and coarse cloth, wool for clothing, skins and hides for containing vessels, foot-wear and thongs. These cattle are kept in the villages during the cool and cold weather, when they are fed on such scanty natural grazing as is to be found, agricultural waste and dried leaves, and pay their way by providing milk and manure. During the hot months they are sent up in charge of herds to the few summer grazing-grounds (tér, pl. térming; terr, termiŋ), which exist in the higher 234 parts of some of the nullahs. There their milk is collected and converted into forms in which it will keep: ghee, dried buttermilk etc.

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[1] I.e. from about 7000′ upwards. Chhalt, the lowest village in the country, stands at 6580′. Hayón and Hindi are probably about 7000′ and Aliábád about 7600′. Baltit is 8000′ and Nagir 7560′. Minglr, the highest place at which the Burusho have been induced to live, is 10,150′. It is said that the Burusho women refuse to go where the apricot will not ripen, and there are few Burusho settled above 8000′. In Chapúrsan and Shimshál the Wakhis are found up to about 11,000′, which is probably the extreme limit at which barley will grow in this region. In recent years a little maize has been grown in Hayón, Murtazábád and Ganish.

ʞʌmʌn kontown in a little time. *ʞʌmʌn duvvo bila* there is a small piece of work. *ʞʌmʌn sis dumʌn* a few people come. Prs.

ʞʌm v. *ʒʌm*.

ʞʌmʌn v. *ʞʌm*.

ʞʌmo pl. *ʞʌmʌŋ* *y* felt, "namda". — *ʞʌn ʞʌmovo* a piece of felt. 306.5. (Cp. Sh. *gʌmo*, felt).

ʞʌmbʌsf unfortunate. Prs.

ʞʌm ʞʌn mʌnov IUB to become covetous, H. *lʌmu" honu*. (QUB gave this as *ʒʌm ʒʌm*).

ʞʌmgwʌsf weak, feeble. Prs. + Ar.

ʞʌmsov weak, feeble. Prs.

ʞʌn -ants, N. pl. *-ʌvʌb*, x fort; fortified village, village community. 361

The population is now tending to abandon the concentrated villages for houses scattered about the cultivated lands singly or in groups of two or three which are called *piramʌdiŋ*. The *ʞʌn* at Aliabad is nowadays occupied only partially for two or three months in winter.

ʞʌnʌmʌn sinda yʌkʌlʌfʌr gavʌmmo she fled from the fort towards the river. 192.15. *fʌkʌvʌlo tʌlo ʞʌvʌnts bivo* there were 7 villages in Ishkuk. 290.3. *forma ollo ʞʌvʌnʌfʌr trʌgʌfoŋ* the trenches of the 12 villages, (e.g. Baltit, Ganesh, Altit, Halderabad, Aliabad). 318.5. Cp. 240.5, 244.7, 294.2,4. (Said to be a Balti word).

ʞʌn, *ʒʌn*, v. *ʒʌn*. Only in: *ʞʌn* (*ʒʌn*) *nu* downwards. 246.21.

Probably 2. *ʞʌ*, 2. *nu* down + *nu* adverb-formative, with anticipation of the *n-*).

-ʞʌn. Suffix meaning: direction of, side of, along. V. *-ʌljʌkʌn* & *-lj*

ʞʌnʌvo *y* advice, counsel, instructions,

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[see Corrigenda et addenda, Category 14, p. 543 - Analyst]

often get a sudden heavy flow of water and these rivers get deeper and broader and flood the roads. But then later, when it gets a bit cooler or cloudy, the river recedes and the river bed is again used as a road.

The alternative for the river bed is to climb hundreds or thousands of feet up along a road cut in the rock of the mountain or where a ledge might have been formed. When it is impossible to walk along the river bed, and this occurs regularly, in some places you must climb a few thousand feet . . . that is the only way you can continue your journey.

No matter how difficult, how dangerous or treacherous a roadway may be, there are some people who must get across, who must make their journey at that time. It is true everywhere in the world.

Therefore, when traveling on such terrain, it is positively advisable to try to get there and do your traveling when the rivers are not in flood. You can see why the river bed is preferable.

Altit is the name of the town wherein is located the old Altit Fort which was built in the thirteenth century. I don't know whether or not the other members of the party will agree with me but I did think that Altit was an exceptionally clean, tidy and orderly town. It was one of the first villages in Hunza to be settled because the area consists of a wide level, arable stretch of land almost two miles wide from the mountain wall to the bank of the river and here the drop was sheer—straight down for a thousand feet or more.

Oh, yes, all Hunza villages are clean and orderly but somehow it struck me that Altit was better then most. Perhaps the Mir knew this and that is why he had his picnic bungalow built there. I am convinced that Altit was the most attractive village I found in the entire country.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

As we wound along the trail and through the streets of the village, I kept looking around to see if I could spot the bit of meadow or field where the yaks would be grazing. I felt certain that if they were being tethered or kept somewhere that there would be some sort of grazing ground for them and I found I was right because, shortly, we came upon a bit of meadow surrounded by shrubs and trees. And sure enough, there were the yaks and the herders.

The first thing I noticed about them was that they seemed to be snorting like wild bulls. They breathe rather heavily and exhale sharply through their nostrils. The altitude at Altit was probably about the same as that of Baltit—between 8,000 and 9,000 feet—and that was much too near the level of the sea to suit the yaks who wanted it at least 11,000 feet. Undoubtedly that was the reason they were snorting and appeared somewhat uncomfortable.

I liked their rather shaggy, unkempt appearance. The woolly hair that grew around their head and on top of it, looked as though it had been curled. I didn't know whether that made them look ferocious or cute.

I took a keen liking to the strange looking beasts. But I'm not sure that they shared my feelings. At least, they didn't look as though they did.

I have read and been told that you can trust a yak implicitly on any trail. If it's safe and can be traversed, he'll make it. If there's any doubt, he'll be just as stubborn as any mule. Where the way or the road is extremely bad, he will refuse to go and only by brutal pounding and beating and dragging will he continue along the trail that he distrusts.

Through each yak's nose ran a rope—a good thick, heavy rope. This is used to guide or lead the yak, instead of a bridle and bit.

131 Hunza is a country that lies along the Hunza River from Secunderabad to the Chinese border, a distance of somewhere around 200 miles, but no one has ever actually measured it. At the narrowest point it is less than half a mile wide. At its broadest, it is not quite two miles. Usually the only piece of flat land in a village [133] [134] is the polo field. Good, rich, deep soil as Westerners know it is absolutely unknown in Hunza.

311 Whenever a house is built here, they seldom ever use [361] a piece of fertile soil or soil of any kind. They usually erect it on rock or on a steep hillside where that piece of land could not have been used for agriculture anyway.

[241] Practically every bit of farm land is terraced. It can be said, it is actually cut out of the rocks of the mountainside which is the north bank of the Hunza River.

[134] Of the total length of 200 miles, only a small fraction is at all arable. Most of it is solid rock or terrain so steep that horticulture of any nature is impossible.

312 Rainfall is scanty. They cannot depend upon it at all [132] for crops. In order to get sufficient water, hand built and similarly maintained conduits bring water down [241] from glaciers. These conduits are carefully erected and trained to run alongside the villages where the water can be trapped to flow where desired and used to irrigate their lands, also for drinking and all other necessary purposes.

There are four main conduits in Hunza and they are as follows:

Murku—This is at the highest level of all the aqueducts and carries the most water.

Barbar—Supplies the Baltit-Altit area.

Dala—This is the longest—extends as far as Aliabad. Supplies Kerimabad.

Hamachi—The smallest which runs as far as the tiny village Ganesh, located on a cliff's edge.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

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Human fields are small, and are worked with hand tools.

[p.326-B1]

7:Tobe C.T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

[p. 326-B2]

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

The house of the average Hunzan farmer was not quite as good as the average European house. In my opinion, Hunzan cleanliness is as good as is desirable when all matters are considered.

Cleanliness as we know it in the West is neither desirable nor is it a necessity in a country like Hunza. To begin with, they have more important duties to perform than doing a lot of unnecessary housekeeping. Usually in the West, the man earns the wherewithal to sustain the home and the woman looks after the cooking, housekeeping and the rearing of the children. In Hunza the father, the mother and the children, as soon as they are old enough to know what to do, take part in the work. You see, it is practically a full time job for the entire family during the spring and summer to procure sufficient food to last throughout the year.

Therefore it is neither desirable nor necessary for a Hunzan wife to have a lot of furniture and other things that would require work and attention in her home.

If you are trying to compare the cleanliness of the average American city or town person's home with that of the Hunzan homes, then you are miles and miles away from reality, because very, very few people of the world—especially those in the more or less underprivileged countries or in remote districts—live in homes that are in any way comparable to the average city home in America.

In the locality where I live, the Niagara District, the choicest locations along the lake front are selected for subdivision sites and beautiful spacious homes with fine grounds are created. That may be all well and good in America, where rich arable land is readily available, but in Hunza, remember, every bit of land that they own and use for growing their life-giving crops has to be torn from the rocks of the mountain-

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

361 sides. Few, if any, Hunza homes are ever built where the land can be tilled. Usually the site that is selected for a home is part of a rocky promontory or some other location where the land could not be used for crops. They just can't afford to use a piece of tillable soil for a homesite.

342 The houses or homes are usually built of stones or rocks. No cement or any other binding compound is used. Yet the homes seem sturdy enough to stand most anything. I also saw some that were built of clay.

342 231 The lower floor of the Hunzan house is usually divided into two sections. One section has either no roof over it or just a part roof or covering and there is an opening in the wall, but no door. This is where the animals are kept. The Hunzan pasture and forage supply doesn't allow for the larger beasts. The cattle of Hunza are the diminutive kind, bred and selected for their dwarfishness, so that they will require less feeding, but still yield an abundant udderful of rich milk. This applies to goats, sheep and cows. The partial covering over the courtyard is so that the animals will have some form of protection overhead.

342 Then beside this is the house proper, probably half again as large . . . maybe 12 or 14 feet square.

The Hunzan farmer steps from his home into the stable, so to speak. This, of course, would horrify the people of America but it is not to be regarded as a sort of calamity, as utter degradation, or as a matter of filth and ill health, because this system is practiced in most other parts of the world even at the present time.

231 795 The Hunzans, being Mohammedans, do not raise pigs. Therefore they don't have the conditions that pigs would create.

356 I'm sure that I visited many of these courtyards and

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

CHAPTER 43

The Happy Hunzans

My Chief Objective in going to Hunza was to try, first, to find out if the people of Hunza were as healthy and as long lived as many writers and reports claim them to be. 121 164

Secondly, if they were the healthy specimens of mankind that the writers said, then I wanted to find out how this came about!

I don't claim to have any special perceptive powers, but the moment I arrived in Gilgit, I resolved that all of my faculties would be centered on observing the why's and wherefore's bearing on the health of these people.

I didn't have to be a very keen observer to realize quickly that in Gilgit the Hunzan aura of health did not hold. But remember, that was in Gilgit.

Gilgit reminded me very much of the typical frontier towns as we knew them in America, except Gilgit 361

361 [342] didn't just spring up overnight. By the appearance of the stone and mud houses, as well as all other features about the city, it was obvious that the city had been there for a long, long time.

Gilgit is indeed a strange city. It is one of these places that is right in the middle of nowhere, but to that mountain-harnessed area, Gilgit is a mighty important, strategic spot. Somehow I had the feeling that if there was a place called the "crossroads of the East" Gilgit had the sole right to the appellation, for through Gilgit would pass caravans from China, as well as travelers from Russia, Afghanistan, Persia, India, Pakistan and yes, undoubtedly from all other parts of the Eastern world.

000 While I did see quite a bit of the city and the surrounding country, I regret today that I didn't dig a little deeper and get about even more. I think Gilgit has many interesting stories to tell . . . how could it be otherwise? And if I ever go back (and I intend to) I would like to be the one who brings these tales to light!

121 [164] The Gilgitis, from a health standpoint or from appearance in general, did not impress me one bit. The people were somewhat similar to what you would find or expect in Pakistan or India. However, the moment I crossed the bridge over the Gilgit River and got into the hills, I resolved to concentrate, coldly and with deliberate calculation, on every individual we met. So many confusing and contradicting statements had been made about the people of Hunza, that I was firmly resolved that if study and scrutinization and observation would do the trick, then I would find out the truth.

124 Akbar was keeping pace with Cecil most of the time, while Sherin was with me, and I questioned him closely about every person that we happened to meet or pass. I had no trouble—none whatsoever—in spotting a Hun-

7 Tobe/C.T-3 (1959)19o0 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

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[p.390-B1]

7:Tobe C.T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

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Hunzan houses have no chimneys—just a hole in the roof for smoke to escape.

[7. 390-82]

7:Tobe C.T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

out the services of a guide. 122

I can assure you that the Commander carefully selected the man, too. Although he looked like a boy, he was tall—about 6 feet 2 inches—lithe, alert, in fact, as smart and as capable a type of human being or soldier or both as 'twould be possible to find anywhere. Not that Jahangir needed it, but he certainly was in "high caliber" hands.

Bearing in mind that the two ponies we had were stallions, I began to wonder if we might not have some trouble on the trail, because Jahangir's mount was a mare. To you, this may not appear to be a genuine source of worry, because in the West the horses used for riding are practically always gelded and this eliminates any risk of difficulty. So you either ride a mare or a gelding. 122 492

I thought to myself, "What would happen if either one of our stallion ponies began to get ideas on some of these high tortuous, winding mountain trails?" I knew from my reading that it does happen. 122

A man can work himself up into quite a stew by thinking of such things, and by now I was greatly worried about what would happen if my black stallion did become rambunctious on the trail. So I made up my mind that I would give that mare as wide a berth as possible.

I buried my worries by getting busy and snapping a few pictures of the type of houses that we found here at Aliabad. They didn't differ very much from those we found elsewhere. They were not as well built and as clean as those we had found at Altit, but they were still quite neat and tidy by most other standards. Practically all the houses are built one on top of the other, as close together as the undulating region would allow, and it sure was obvious that a person couldn't 342 [126] [36]

342 keep many secrets from his neighbors. From what I
361 saw, it was obvious that when a house was built in Hunza no attempt was made to level the ground but it was allowed to stand as nature made it and the house was erected according to the natural levels, dips, falls or heights.

As we wandered around the little Hunzan homes in this area, we had to climb up to get to this one, we had to drop down to examine that one and there were really no two on an identical level.

132 Then I remembered that the average annual rainfall in Hunza was 2 inches and to myself I thought, "Mighty good thing, because if it rained any more than that, what a quagmire this area would be!"

122 We heard the clatter of hooves and, looking up, we saw Jahangir's guide coming back and leading another horse. This meant we'd be ready to take off in a couple of minutes, so Cec and I worked our way towards the road.

Soon all of our belongings were firmly balanced on the horse's back and we were ready to start for the Hasanabad Bridge.

122 But now it was entirely different. I didn't regard the
487 snaky curves and loops with distrust and misgivings as I had the other day. In fact, then, I remember hating every turn I had to take. Now, with a good mount between my legs, I felt elated, happy, cheerful. Even though I started off riding, I knew that I wouldn't ride very far because I enjoy walking too much. But, still, it was mighty nice to know that you had a good horse in case you needed it.

From the start in the morning we knew it was to be a hard ride if we wanted to get to Chalt in one march. There was a full 32 miles to go. It was actually 36 miles but I figured the jeep had driven us 4 of them so that left 32.

[35] Neither Cec nor I discussed or mentioned it but I think we fully realized that, if we felt it was going to be too tough, we could stop off at Minapin which was but 15 miles away and would find the usual rest houses there. Yet, I couldn't see myself holing up at Minapin for the night. Why, we should be there shortly after noon, I figured, and I certainly had no intention of calling it quits then.

Besides, my recollections of Minapin weren't very appealing. It was the poorest looking and the dirtiest town of all we had passed through. We had stopped [485] for a few minutes at the rest house on the way up and it had proved to be a disappointment. We couldn't get anything to eat there and the chowkidor expected a handsome donation because we stopped there and, I believe, had a glass of water.

Then, too, I knew that this was the stage for us to make time, as we'd have more protection from the sun because there were more trees in this area than there would be further down. Villages dotted the landscape [361] as this was one of the more fertile districts and towns

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

and villages are invariably built where there are trees of one kind or another. So it was our best bet to tackle the sun while we had some protection against it.

I remembered also that in this area there were lots of nullahs and that conduits were found everywhere, so we could refresh ourselves with good fresh cold water all along the route. Further down there were very few nullahs or any other means of getting water except by marching down to the river's edge and this, friend, could be an undertaking!

At this stage the elevations ranged around 7,000 to 10,000 feet. I didn't carry an altimeter with me but I was informed that in some places we climbed to 12,000 feet. It certainly felt like it by the rarity of the atmosphere and the way my chest and lungs were behaving.

All through this broad area the mountain scenery is idyllic. It just can't be beat or improved upon, no matter where in the world you go. When I came up this selfsame trail on the inward trek, I was in no mood to appreciate beauty or mountain grandeur and I knew that I hadn't taken in very much. But now, I was determined to feast my eyes, my heart and my soul on the most beautiful, the most varied, the most awe-inspiring mountain vastness that is known to exist.

I was happy—I was carefree—I felt so light that I thought the horse wouldn't even know he was carrying a passenger. In all probabilities I'd never come this way again and I wanted that beauty engraved on my memory.

Through the years I had spent many weeks and months in the Rockies, from Alaska right down to the Mexican Sierras, and I believed the Rockies to be the most impressive range of mountains I had ever known. When I saw the Alps and compared them, well, there

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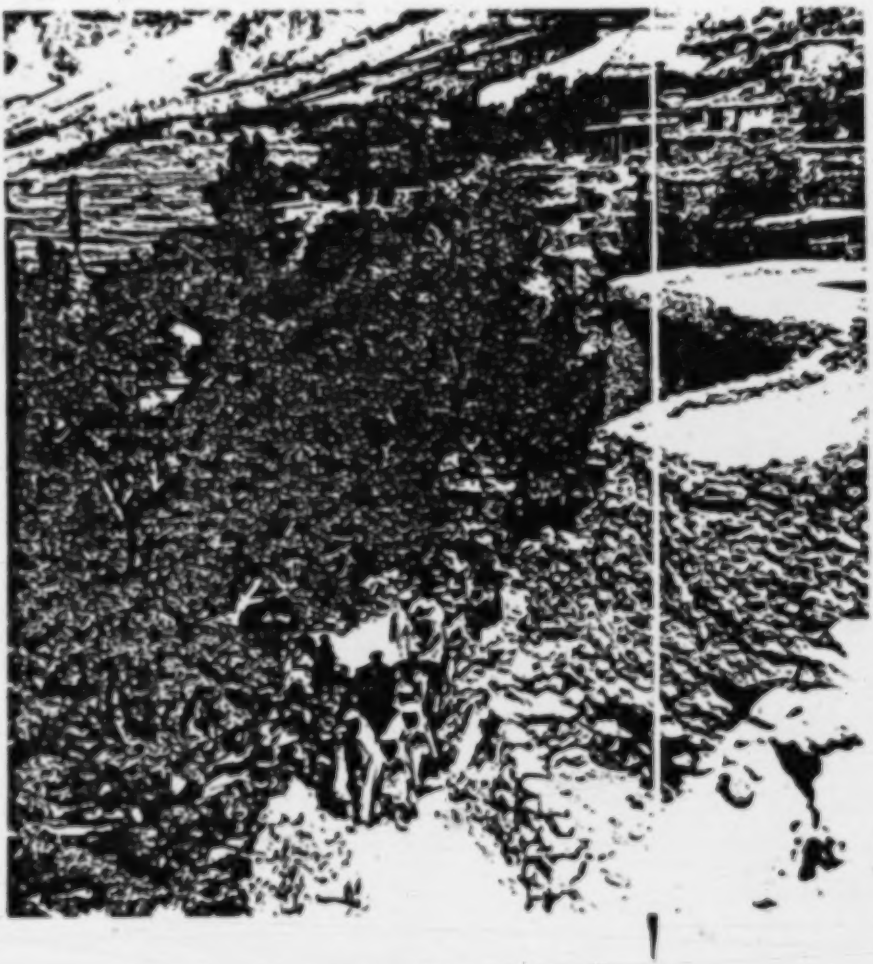

[P. 38]

[caption appears at the bottom of photograph on p. 39-A]

164 into the "fine, barrel chests" reported
146 by travelers. (I found that when they took off their shirts the fine, barrel chests revealed strong asymmetry, with ribs notably warped by rickets.) During my first winter, I developed a typical case of beriberi, even though my diet was more varied than theirs and was adequate in quantity.

133 The basic trouble rests not with the
161 Hunzas, who are neat, intelligent, and
[18] hard-working, but with their country. There is no flat land in all of Hunza.
[36] Villages and farms are built on alluvial
311 cones—fan-shaped masses of gravel dumped by streams rushing from mountain glaciers down into the valleys—and the small cultivated areas simply are not extensive enough to support the constantly increasing population. (The Mir estimated the population of his country at 25,000 in 1951. According to one of the last of the British agents stationed in nearby Gilgit, Hunza's population was increasing at the rate of 30 per cent each
[67] decade. Rising emigration and the absence of written records obscure the reality, as one might imagine.)

311 Hunza's slopes are so steep they
241 must be terraced by the laborious construction of hand-built retaining walls of boulders. I measured one cultivated slope of 60 degrees—so steep that the retaining walls were twice as high as the miniature plots they supported. And sometimes Hunza farmers will even create arable soil on top of bare rock. After a crescent-shaped wall at the foot of any fairly gentle rock slope is built high enough so the top of the wall is level with the top of the slope, the wall is carefully chinked and mud-calked, then sandy water from the nearest irrigation ditch is admitted to make a small pond. When the sand settles out, the clear water is drained, and more sandy water is admitted. This process is repeated for about two years, until enough sand accumulates to allow cultivation.

134 Much of the "soil" of Hunza fields
311 is thus not really soil. Rather, it is a jumble of unweathered boulders,
[132] gravel, and sand. Since Hunza is a
[13] cool but exceedingly dry desert, practically no plant food is formed. The scant rain that falls soaks rapidly through the spongy sand, leaches out any trace of plant food that may be present, and carries it down to the river. Not even sagebrush will grow on the unirrigated areas, so most slopes are barren. Newly irrigated areas are

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

241 The cultivation in Hunza is very limited; the
311 finest stretch is just below the fort of the chief, and extends for some six and a half miles in length with a width of from a mile to a mile and a half, the whole
[361] of the land being irrigated. This main stretch of arable land, which is studded with villages, lies at an altitude of eight thousand feet, and faces south, and the climate here is delightful. Further up the valley lie scattered patches of cultivation, getting poorer and poorer as the altitude increases. The mountains enclosing the valley are very precipitous even for the Hindu-Kush; wood and grazing for cattle are therefore unusually scarce, and the people suffer in conse-
291 quence. The clothing of the people is practically the same both in Hunza and Nagar as it is in Chitral, and has been described before,[1] the only difference being that the men's stockings are not knitted in such elaborate patterns, and that, as a general rule, the woollen outer robe is, in Hunza especially, more often white than brown. All, except on State occasions when the higher ranks don the turban, wear the Dard head-dress. This is a long bag of brown woollen cloth rolled back on itself till it forms a cap, which is one fold thick on the top, with a border an inch or so thick round the head. It makes a light, warm, and delightfully comfortable head-dress, but is a very poor protection against severe sun.

101 Nagar, as most of the surrounding people and the inhabitants themselves generally call it, though they also pronounce the word Nagér, and the scientific, for some cause best known to themselves, insist on spell-
[161] ing it *Nagyr*, is a smaller State than Hunza. The
795 population is about the same,[2] and is composed of Yeshkuns, professing themselves Shiahs, but very

[1] [Cf. pp. 59, 72, 102, category 1/c — Analyst] [2] [ca. 10,000 — Analyst]

4: Durand G-S (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burushi AV7

133 seven and eight hundred feet deep, each one filled
487 up by the end of a glacier, the main mass of which
was out of sight. We passed through numerous
361 villages whose cultivation, carried far up the moun-
241 tain side, was of the richest. Each village was
surrounded by fruit trees, and poplar, plane, and
[712] walnut trees abounded. Every village was either
enclosed in a large square fort, with towers at
each corner, or had a fort close to it.

133 The third day took us into Nagar. On leaving
camp we crossed a great shingle slope, nearly a mile
in length, at a point hundreds of feet above the river.
Huge cliffs crowned the slope, and made this one of
the most difficult pieces of road, from a military point
of view, that we had yet passed. During our two
last marches we saw conglomerate cliffs and rocks full
of garnets, some very fine white sandstone, and in
one place a cliff of clay, which was said to be full of
[361] gold. Nagar lies off the main valley, some three
[241] miles up another stream, and the last few miles into
it the road ran almost without interruption through
cultivation. The fruit trees were a sight to see,
apricot trees bending under a burden of red gold
fruit, their harvest just beginning, and every house
roof, and any other available flat space, was covered
with the fruit drying in the sun. As we turned our
backs on the main valley the view was superb.
133 Behind us Rukapushi rose in gigantic precipices of
241 thousands of feet of snow and ice, while across the
361 river above Hunza towered another great mountain,
its crest broken by sharp granite peaks on which no
snow can rest. Its lower spurs are jagged and bare,
and below them lay a large semi-circle, one mass of

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV 7

villages and of cultivation, the terraced fields carried right down into the river bed. Hunza itself lies on the right bank of a ravine ending in a dark glacier, from whose melting ice is supplied the channel which waters the whole of the Hunza cultivation. The houses of the main village are clustered tier upon tier on a high spur crowned by the Thum's Castle. The arrangement at Nagar is precisely the same.

Our entry into Nagar was very similar to my last year's entry into Chitral, only that the crowd was on a smaller scale, the courtiers not so numerous or so brilliantly arrayed. Still it was picturesque enough; before us rode a man bearing a scarlet and white banner; around us, wherever the road permitted, was the gay crowd in Bokhara silks or dirty woollen home-spun. The usual irregular salute was fired as we reached the polo ground, and the band made discordant music. Raja Jafr Khan could not receive me, being paralysed, so we moved without further ceremony into our camp by the polo ground, preceded by Raja Uzr Khan, who showed, by riding before us, a lack of breeding which scandalised the other Rajas, and which compared very unfavourably with the Mehtar of Chitral's courtesy.

Next morning I paid my state visit to Raja Jafr Khan. The road runs up through the village to the Thum's Castle, under a succession of easily defensible doorways, which would make an assault very difficult for bad troops or local enemies. The Palace stairs consisted of the trunk of a tree with notches cut in it, which led up through a square hole in the floor to the terraced rooms above. In this, as in every other house I ever entered in these wilds, the last two of

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

644 been melted down to find metal for it. The Thum of the day was so pleased at possessing it that he at once killed the maker, lest he should go to Nagar and make one there. The Wazir had instructions from his King to go on firing till further orders, but after twenty-three guns we thought they had had enough, and I sent a request that they would stop and let us proceed. We were met at the gate of the fort by Wazir Dadu, rather a pleasant-looking man of about forty-five.

[361] The approach to the fort through the village was
643 much the same as at Nagar, but the road was broader. As we passed over the great water channel which fertilises the Hunza oasis, and which at its débouchere from the parent ravine runs through a low tunnel, an ominous whisper informed me that this was the scene of the old Thum's murder by his rascally son, assisted by his present Wazir, Dadu. The old man was fired at from the roof of a house as he rode in from hawking. The first discharge was not fatal, and the men with the Thum begged him to take refuge for a moment in the irrigation tunnel while they raised help, which, by all accounts, was within an ace of coming, but the old Chief refused, saying, "It was no use; he had lived long enough, and his day was
661 come." His Wazir, Humayum, Dadu's elder brother, was away in Gujhal at the time, and the new Chief sent him an urgent letter, stamped with his father's seal, calling him to return at once to Hunza. But though the letter had been prepared beforehand, was sealed before the warmth was out of the old Chief's body, and was despatched by a trusted messenger, the plot failed. Warned by some friend, or distrusting

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burush. AV7

000 with Safdar Ali, whose cruelty was unrelieved by any redeeming feature. When the end came, three years later, and he fled like the coward he was without striking a blow, the feelings of the people towards him were well shown; there was a general sigh of relief throughout the country. Daulat Shah may have missed him, for when I next visited Hunza I heard, with some pardonable satisfaction, that amongst the men carrying stones to build a block house, my orderlies had recognised our old friend.

487 The last marches out of Hunza were very severe, the road even for the Hindu-Kush was bad; it was perpetually crossing parris with frightful drops or very steep slopes into the river, and it was so narrow that the coolies carrying loads were in constant danger. Fortunately for us the cloudy weather continued, and on the last day we had some rain. The views in consequence were exquisite. All the colouring of the hills, the pale reds and browns and soft shades of green, which are merged by glaring sunlight into one uniform grey, now showed out. The view up the Chaprot valley was particularly fine, heavy clouds lay in a great bar across the mountains, dropping transparent veils of falling rain, through which range after range showed out with delicately softened outline. It was a delightful march, none the less so from my feeling that I had brought my party out of the country safely, and had been able to avoid any 361 serious trouble. We left Hunza territory at the 491 village of Budlas, crossing a heavy torrent by a new bridge, built on the site of the one where the 000 sad accident referred to above had taken place. I

1: Leitner L-3 (1866-93) 1893? AV3 Dard
Burusho AV7

and encamped between these places on a plain.* (?) Guyétsh and Chaprôt are on the frontier of Hunza. Its inhabitants speak the same language as the people of Hunza. Hini was on the other side of the army and is on the frontier of Nagyr. The Chief of Chaprôt is Shah Murad Wazir, whilst Sirdar Mamal Beg is at Hini and Phagoi, the Lumbardar, at Guyêtsh, whose son is Shukar Beg, a brave young man. The chief command of the invading troops was given to Sultan, who had previously sent a man, Uruz Ali, to the Hunza Raja, to announce his arrival. He told him to lie in ambush at Nilamutsh in order to destroy the troops under the other Kashmir Officers. "I will draw off, he said, half the army in the direction of the Valley." Uruz Ali was by origin a Hunza man who had settled at Gilgit. The Raja of Hunza acted on the advice thus sent. When Wazir Sultan came to Nilamutsh, he started with some youths towards Chaprôth Now Nilamutsh is a place so surrounded by inaccessible and high mountains that escape from an enemy who occupies them is impossible and even a great army is helpless. No one prevented or questioned the movements of Sultan, who advanced about one kôs out of Nilamutsh —Mahdin and Saif Ali now entered the place when they were at once assailed with stones and bullets on every side by invisible enemies and lost 400 young men in killed between forenoon and evening. Two Nagyris only were wounded, one being shot through the mouth who is still alive and the other receiving a bullet in his thigh from which he subsequently died at Nagyr. When the surprised Generals consulted at night on the events of the day, they inferred from the absence of Sultan and the fact that he had got safely through Nilamutsh, as well as from the unexpected presence of the enemy, that treachery had been at work. The reason of this conduct was that Sultan, although the bravest to fight on behalf of the Maharaja, had not been rewarded with land as Isa and Azmat had been, but had remained under the direct orders of Zoraweru, who had put him forward in the war in order to get him killed and who had poisoned the Maharaja's mind against him. "However," the Generals added, "at present we must think of getting out of this place; otherwise not a man will remain alive to tell the news at Nômal." They then decided, on the suggestion of Saif Ali, to send two Dareylis, Firôz and Kúweti, into the Hunza lines, as they might have influence with them, being also Yaghistanis, in order to secure the safe return of the Army. The task was reluctantly accepted by the Dareylis whose presence in the Sikh Army naturally compromised them. However, they went and swore on behalf of the Sikhs that if they were allowed to depart no future invasion should ever take place. Naudîn, the Wazir of Nagyr and Ghazanfar of Hunza refused, on which the Dareylis requested that they might be shot and their bodies thrown in the valley, as a proof that they had done their best and failed in their mission. "We are Mussulmans and you should forgive us and as a natural consequence those whom we represent." The men now prepared for death, when Naudîn

* There is a place called Nilamutsh—green mountain ridge—literally a mountain that has fallen off a still higher one. Chaprôt is three kôs above and Guyetsh two kôs below this place. Hini is on the other side of the river two and a half kos from Nilamutsh. Chaprôt has 150 houses; Guyêtsh 30 and Hini 80 houses.

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4 AV3 Dard AV3
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rocky ledges, sometimes letting oneself down nearly to the water's edge, then ascending 300 or 400 feet above the stream, holding on by corners of rock, working along rocky shelves 3 or 4 inches wide, and round projecting knobs and corners where no four-footed animal less agile than a wild goat could find a path. D 133

Immediately above the bend of the river is the district of Chaprot, consisting of the fort and village of that name and three other villages. This has always been a fruitful source of contention among the rulers of the three states of Hunza, Nager, and Gilgit, between which it is situated, principally on account of the fort, which, according to local ideas, is impregnable. It is situated in the angle formed by the junction of two streams, with high precipitous banks, and can therefore only be approached from one side. It has belonged in turns to all three states, but at present is garrisoned by Cashmere troops. Continuing up the valley to the eastward, at about 52 miles from Gilgit, the residences of the rulers of the two states of Hunza and Nager are reached, the river forming the boundary between the wild two. D 361 648 B 131 311

The view of the great Rakiposh Mountain from the north side is truly striking. From the water's edge it rises without a break for 19,000 feet to its topmost peak, which is over 25,000 feet above the sea-level. Its lofty sides, girdled with dark pine forest and seamed with glaciers and *mers-de-glace*, some of which reach nearly down to the water's edge, overlook numerous fertile settlements which are nourished by streams flowing from the great mountain. Above the forests extensive fields of snow sparkle and glitter in the summer sun, while, overtopping all, great points of granite, on whose steep sides the snow can scarce find a resting-place, give emphasis and unity to a scene not easily forgotten. B 133

Above Hunza the course of the river, which rises in the Hindoo Koosh, lies entirely in Hunza territory. The people of these two states, of whom so little is known, have been counted as mere robber tribes, who have brought themselves into notice by their depredations on the caravans between Yarkund and Leh. This is, however, scarcely a just estimation of them. They are of the same stock as the people of Yassin, Ponyal, and the majority of the people of Gilgit and the neighbouring valleys. So far from being mere robber tribes, they are settled agricultural communities, living under rulers who boast of their long unbroken descent from princes of native blood. Hemmed in by lofty mountains, they are B 721 B 144 B 173 186

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173 proud of the independence they have always maintained, and
186 they probably present the spectacle of a race living under almost the same conditions now as their forefathers did fourteen centuries ago. The rulers are called *Thum*, and their families are descended from twin brothers, Moghlot and Gir-
174 kis, who lived about the end of the fifteenth century. General Cunningham makes the somewhat natural mistake of confounding Girkis with Kirghiz, and suggests that the former inhabitants of Hunza must have been Dards (?), who have since been displaced by the nomads of the Pamir. From this he goes on to argue that the rulers of Shigar must also be of Kirghiz blood; and following the same line of argument he states that the Astor district must once have belonged to the Tibetan race, because the ruling family are Makpons. He also mentions the Gilgitis as a race of Dardo-Tibetans, for which assumption there is no adequate foundation.[1]

643 I have been told by a Nepaulese gentleman that *Thum* is a Chinese title, meaning Governor, and that it is used in a reduplicated form *Thum Thum*, to signify a Governor General.[2] Its existence in these countries, where its origin has been completely lost sight of, is curious and must be extremely ancient.

The rulers of Nager, who are descended from the first-named of the two brothers, are called Moghloté, the present
161 Thum being Jaffer Zahid Khan. Though the smaller of the two states, Nager has the larger population, owing to the greater amount of cultivable ground which it contains.
134 The population is about 10,000 souls. The land where
135 cultivable is extremely fertile and bears exceptionably heavy crops, and the Nager streams are rich in gold. The country
439 is especially famous for its apricots, which are dried and exported to the Punjab in considerable quantities. Nearly opposite Hunza, the Myetsil River, a considerable stream, joins the
● 361 main river from the south-west. The fort of Nager and the Thum's house are on the southern side of this stream, about 3 miles from the junction, at an elevation of 8,000 feet
131 above the sea. Both sides of this valley belong to Nager, and it forms the eastern boundary of the state. At the head of it is the difficult and dangerous road over the Hispar Pass into the Shigar Valley, which is never used except in cases
000 of necessity. When Cashmere authority was temporarily

[1] Cunningham's *Ladak*, pages 27, 38, 58, 295.

[2] It is perhaps a corruption of the word Tung, which appears in many titles. The Chinese Governor of Kashgharia is called Tsung Tung, and the officer who commands the troops is styled Tung-lung.

[See I: Cunningham, AJ4 West Tibetan file -- Analyst]

12: Biddulph G-3 (1873-1878) 1880 AU1 Afghanistan AU1
4 AV3 Dard
Burushe AV7

covered with orchards of fruit trees. The cultivation is extremely good, and fruit of all kinds grows in abundance.

Mahommedanism sits but loosely on the Hunza people, who make no secret of their preference for easy-going tenets. Though professing to be Maulais, they are disowned by their own Pirs, who refuse to visit the country, and no contributions are sent by them to their spiritual chief. They are great wine-drinkers, and are reproached by their neighbours for their readiness to eat unorthodox food,[1] and for the immorality of their women. Firearms are scarce, and bows and arrows are still not quite obsolete.

The people of Hunza and Nager belong to the caste called Yeshkun by the Shins, but amongst themselves known as Boorish. They differ slightly in appearance, the Nager people apparently showing an infusion of Tartar blood, derived, no doubt, from their Iskardo neighbours. The Hunza people, who are a somewhat taller race, have finer features and are distinguished for being more deliberate and less vivacious in their actions. The language, called Boorishki or Boorishaski, is identical in both states; the Hunza pronunciation being rather more broad and drawling than that of Nager. This language was first published by Dr. Leitner. All their songs, however, are in Shina,—a language which is supposed to lend itself more readily to poetry,—and Shina songs are sung by men who do not understand a word of that language.

Both Thums are still addressed as Soori, as a title of respect. This appears to be the same as *Sri*, an appellation of Lakshmi, the Hindoo goddess of wealth, commonly prefixed to the names of Hindoo princes in India, to denote their honour and prosperity. The Thum's wives are styled "*gánish*," which is almost identical with the original Sanscrit word for mother, and their sons are called "*gushpoor*." In cutting the throat of an animal for food, the people of Hunza make a practice of turning it towards the Thum's abode, even when many miles distant, instead of in the orthodox direction of Mecca.

Every village, according to its size, possesses one or more forts, sufficient to give shelter to the whole population. These are built of sun-dried bricks, with walls 15 feet high, and square towers at intervals of 20 yards. At night the whole population takes refuge within the walls. Similar forts exist in Gilgit, but under Cashmere rule they have fallen into disuse.

In Hunza there is a tradition preserved of the occurrence

[1] Animals not slaughtered according to the manner prescribed by Mahommedan law.